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# EVIE BROWN

THE END



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## FOREWORD

This is written of the dead, through love and of knowledge—love that knew no dimming, knowledge grounded in a sympathetic comradeship, running from youth to age. By Fate's ordering, there were lapses of years when the comrades knew each only casually how the other fared. But that made nothing against the bond. It needed but a hand-clasp, a look in the eyes, and we were as though the silent years had never been.

So much as a foundation for what follows. This is not an estimate, for only eternity can show an adequate one. It is but an imperfect setting forth of the human side. Of this, love was the keynote, duty the law and rule—duty so nobly conceived, it took account of what she owed herself. To this end she was an eager student, but through all her study, like a golden thread in a varied web, ran a fine selflessness. Knowing well her unusual gifts, she felt it laid upon her to use them for humanity,

also that she could do that best by speaking in the Master's name, upholding with all her strength of heart and brain the Master's cause.

Religion was life to her—she breathed it, exhaled it. But never was there a soul farther removed from bigotry, less afflicted with sanctimony. Loving the Lord her God so well, the love overflowed to all His children. She was quick to see, and to stand for, the right; brave to condemn wrong, yet wholly without rancor. She had that largeness which dissociates the wrong from the human entity back of it. In all our long and far-reaching talks I never heard from her one bitter sentence. Neither did she ever in my presence speak one word that might wound or abash a listener.

Yet she was far from lacking discrimination, and was mistress of a sparkling wit, of a delicately balanced humor. It made her able, even in discussing such recondite matters as the Final Perseverance of the Saints, to laugh at a good retort, a phrase well turned, a point well taken, yet all the while to hold fast to her own plane of belief.

She was supremely well born, of clean, straight, vigorous American stock, keeping still a touch of Scotch canniness, and Covenanting strictness of faith.

She was even more supremely well bred, growing to womanhood without the hampering of poverty, the burden of great riches. After a sort, she was the flame on the family hearth, the source of light and warmth to father, mother, and trooping brothers. And then there was laid about her the snare of opportunity to become vain, idle, selfish, careless, instead of what she was. I think if a real heart-misgiving ever came to her, it was in the dim fear that she might disappoint in some fashion those who so lovingly made for her every manner of opportunity. They realized her unusualness, none better. Being normal and human, they desired for her deserved recognition. She won it, in the fullest measure, though not perhaps exactly as her pastor and masters had dreamed of it for her. But by simply living her life, being herself, setting the example it was given her to do, she achieved more than if Fame had trumpeted her name to the far corners of earth. She found "the profession of woman" sufficient for the biggest heart, the most alert brain. And thereby she made herself an exemplar to womankind.

Withal, she was happy—almost as happy as she deserved to be. She knew losses and crosses. Grief did not pass her by any more than joy. Out of the

bitter her soul distilled some part of its sweetness. The last time we met, harking back to our youth-time, I had somehow a sense of opening a long-closed coffer, and breathing thence the perfume of dead roses.

She has gone to these roses of yesterday—gone into the Great Beyond, where remaineth a rest for the people of God, and His peace which endureth forever. His mercy unfailing abode with her to the end—the Dark Way was so brief a passage. So with tears of happiness we say goodbye to her—

“A spirit that went out,  
And left upon the mountain tops of Death  
A light that made them lovely.”

MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.  
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## LIFE SKETCH

There is a picture in my mind of an April morning in 1848, and of a house—a home—in Clarksville, Tennessee, that seemed to be dreaming in the spring sunshine, so hushed that day were its rooms and corridors. Entering through its shaded doorway, I see a troop of small boys. Their hearts are riotous with out-of-doors, their breasts perhaps stirring with rebellion and the desire to “tell Mother” what has gone awry while she remained so strangely inaccessible. “Aunt Marthy’s” hand admits them to their mother’s room. They meet her peaceful eyes, they feel her gentle touch on each head in turn, and hear her say, “Are you being a good boy, Son?” They find themselves kissing an incredibly small pink hand, and gazing at the features of a doll-sized sleeping being—“Little Sister!” In a moment they are in the hall again, and “Is it Sunday?” darts through the mind. Their lips feel so queer and soft, as if a rose-petal had brushed against them. And a new feeling is tugging at each heart, a feeling that never left any of them again; that “Sister” was somehow uniquely precious, to be

teased, perhaps, but also to be cherished, revered and protected to the last.

Something like this must have been the dawning hour of her life. The eighth child of her parents, she was in infancy, as throughout her life, the beloved of many. Perhaps her heart thus early learned to embrace more loves than most of us can claim.

She was the daughter of Joshua Brown and Eva-lina Susan Bailey. Her father was a man of strong convictions and austere piety, respected in the community. He was in 1826 one of the organizers of the Baptist Church in Clarksville, and remained a deacon in this church for fifty years. His wife was a woman of such exceptional gentleness and loveliness of heart that after forty years a faint fragrance of her life lingers around the scene of it. One guesses that the all-embracing charity and habitual serenity of the daughter were some of the mother's legacies to her.

Her school days began when she was six years old, and until her graduation at seventeen she was continuously the pupil of the noted educator, Dr. Ring. Thereafter, and following soon upon the close of the war, some time was spent at Mrs. Mc-Cauley's Seminary in New York City. Here she studied French and music, the most valued accomplishments of young ladyhood in that period. On her return to Clarksville, she entered upon the happy

years that come only to a girl in the flush of youth, surrounded by friends, sheltered in a loving home. This bright chapter came to an end in 1871, when the death of her mother caused the family to leave Clarksville with its poignant memories, and to remove to Nashville. Thereafter she was at some periods the home-maker for her father and brothers; at other times, freed from the duties of housewife, she interested herself in study along various lines. But always, until her father's death in 1882, she was his constant companion. Her subsequent life was kaleidoscopic in its changes, including travel and study here and there. But with the exception of a brief period with an aunt in Paris, Tennessee, she always thought of Nashville as her home. And in Nashville, four years before her death, she established herself, with her brother, in a congenial environment where hospitality was a joy to those who gave and those who received it. She was never happier than when she extended its welcome to friends and kindred.

Hers was a varied life, we have said. But in this variety there was unity, for everything she did was the expression of some phase of her aspiration. She felt a great interest in the subject of education, and in educational theory. Two years spent at Normal Park, Illinois, were full of growth and gain. She often in later years referred with appreciation to the genius of the place, Colonel Parker; and be-

came at that time thoroughly imbued with the ideas of Froebel. At other periods she gave herself to the study and practice of one or another theory of physical culture. To her the body was always the temple of the soul, and as such she wished to keep it throughout life beautiful and strong, as its Maker meant it to be. She passionately desired perfection of every kind. The supine indolence that hastens and causes infirmities, calling itself meanwhile by the sacred name of resignation, was not in her. She rejoiced for many years in her strength. And when at last that began to be taken from her, she fought for it quietly, smilingly, hopefully, every inch of the way, brave in defeat.

In this, as in other things, religious principle was finely, imperceptibly blended with noble instinct. Her attitude toward the physical, an attitude that so far transcended asceticism, was partly the result of conviction, but also the outcome of her native joy in every beautiful thing. Herein she was rich. Many of us who have been with her in the woods will not forget her delight in a richly shaded leaf or a spray of autumn berries. Such a treasure she would bring home with her, cherishing it while it lasted as if it were a sentient thing. Fabrics of fine texture and coloring gave her the same pleasure. Yet it was notable that her admirations were in no way based (as are so many of our standards) upon the costliness of the article. If it lacked beauty, it

lacked, let others value it as they would. Similarly she was no more a respecter of persons than was her Master of Nazareth. She made no more of social distinctions than did He, or the child whom he "set in the midst of them." Nothing could have amazed any of us more than to hear her assert her claim to "ladyhood." And no title was ever less disputed. She magnified her Master, and loved her fellows too truly to think of herself with egoism. Toward the exceptional prosperity that came to her, her attitude was perhaps remarkable. She believed unwaveringly that it was the fulfillment of the promise made to the givers of tithes, and thought of herself in all simplicity as the steward of her means.

Her devotion to the church, which is elsewhere recorded, was almost lifelong. As a girl of seventeen, she had united with the church in Clarksville, and from that time to the end her "fervor and profiting" increased. I have heard her say of her conversion that it was singularly free from the emotional element, that her decision was calm, reasoned, and deliberate, after study and thought. She was one who could say truly, "*I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the House of the Lord.*"

These pages would not show her as the buoyant, wholesome being she was, if they failed to remind us that she was humorous and fun-loving. We like to remember that we have oftener seen her eyes dimmed by tears of mirth than by those of grief, and

to recall how we have heard her voice break with laughter as she related, and relished, some bit of life's comedy that had come to her notice.

Perhaps her most salient qualities, after all, were two. God's confirmation gift to her was her life-giving faith, the deep religious joy that abode in her. His birthday gift had been a nature all sweetness and light, which shone with sunny approval upon God's world, and felt it truly His.

"Blessing she is: God made her so,  
And deeds of week-day holiness  
Fall from her, 'noiseless' as the snow,  
Nor has she ever chanced to know  
That aught were easier than to bless.

"She hath no scorn of common things;  
And though she seems of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings,  
To tread the humble paths of earth."

Suddenly, mysteriously, incredibly, she is lost to our sight. Our senses still, like bewildered children, go seeking her, expecting her, everywhere. The life that began in the springtime, that never knew, in any sense, the sere and yellow leaf, on a May morning set forth "once more on its adventure brave and new." To those of us who have loved her for years, it is sweet to linger over the thought of her, to attempt to say to each other what she was. To these little ones of her blood, whose memories of her must some

day (as we grieve to know) be dim and few, we feel that some knowledge of her life and character will be an inheritance, and a challenge to noble living, that we would not have them lose. So, as we tenderly preserve the camera's reflection of her smiling face, we place beside it for their cherishing this feeble portraiture of her mind and heart.

"Through such souls alone  
God, stooping, shows sufficient of his light  
For us in the dark to rise by."

EVALIN BROWN FRANTZ.



## OUTLINE OF FUNERAL ADDRESS OF REV. ALLEN FORT

Pastor of First Baptist Church

On Occasion of Death of Miss Evie Brown

Text: "She hath done what she could." (Mark 14:8.)

In the Word of God there is written a biography of every life. Some one of the persons mentioned therein is typical of everyone today.

As I have thought of Miss Evie Brown, I have thought that Mary of Bethany caused the Master to make a statement which, in a few words, sums up the life lived by our sister. The sentence is my text for this occasion, "She hath done what she could."

No one outside the immediate family will miss her more than her pastor. In these few years I have labored here she has ever been ready to help in all the work of the church. She did not need to be reminded of her duty; she was anticipating the needs of the work and the church, and was ready to come to the help of her Lord.

She did what she could in prayer. Those of the

Missionary Society who heard her pray will not forget the sweetness of the petitions and the deep spiritual tone thereto. She talked with God as friend to friend.

Then she hath done what she could in her attendance upon the services of the church. Unless providentially hindered, or there was some good and sufficient reason, she was always at her place in the house of God. Morning and evening on the Lord's day, at Sunday school and at prayer meeting, and at the meeting of the Missionary Society—she was ever present when possible.

Again she hath done what she could in giving. God had blessed her so that she could contribute to His work, and cheerfully did she do so. Every good cause in Nashville, and every object fostered by our denomination knew her as a friend and helper. She will be missed by these as well as by her local church. Miss Evie began giving the tenth of her income years ago, when her income was small; and as the years passed, and the income multiplied, she continued to give as God prospered her.

She was a well-rounded Christian. While interested in some phases of the work more than others—as is true with all of us—she was not one-sided in her Christian life. She was an ardent believer in the work at home, and was deeply interested in all the local activities of the church. Then, she was interested in the training and educating of the young,

and in the spread of the gospel abroad. The call of the world did not fall unheeded upon her ears.

She was a spiritual woman. The deep things of God were precious to her. She loved her Bible, and she loved to hear it taught.

We sorrow, but we sorrow not as those who have no hope. The blessed dead will come forth at the coming of the Lord Jesus. Spirit and body will be reunited, and we shall be forever with the Lord. Let us comfort one another with this hope.





# TRIBUTES



## FROM WOMAN'S MISSIONARY UNION OF TENNESSEE

A memorial page appeared in the issue of June 8, 1916, of the *Baptist and Reflector*, from which the following excerpts are taken, the first being from the pen of the editor of the woman's page.

"A beautiful life has gone from our midst and, as often happens, we did not realize how beautiful until the spirit was gone beyond recall.

"The poet sings:

" 'I breathed a song into the air,  
It fell to earth, I knew not where;  
For who has sight so keen and strong,  
That it can follow the flight of song?  
And the song from beginning to end,  
I found again in the heart of a friend.' "

"Many a friend of Miss Evie Brown will long carry in the heart the echo of a song, in the memory of a kindly deed, a smiling word of hearty greeting that helped to lift one from doubt or despondency. Miss Evie did not discriminate—all alike shared in the ministrations that came from a warm and loving heart. Many a one in the lowly walks of life has reason to bless her memory.

"Of simple and childlike faith, Miss Evie's Chris-

tianity manifested itself in a life of beauty and great usefulness. All that was placed in her hands she regarded as a trust and distributed her benefactions as a wise steward.

"For many years Miss Evie had been associated with our Union. In fact, she was one of those to whom its organization was due. Later, she was made Trustee of the Training School and she concentrated her best efforts in its behalf, and she always asked for divine guidance and blessing in the task she had undertaken. Her efforts were blessed, and she was hoping for greater things and that she might enlist more women in the cause so dear to her. The training of young lives for devoted services in missionary fields seemed a sacred purpose to Miss Evie.

"In view of these facts it seemed fitting that our page this week should be a slight token of love, respect and appreciation of one whose loss to the Union and the Training School is irreparable, and whose memory will ever be a blessed thing to comfort and strengthen many lives as they, too, strive to follow in the steps of the lowly Nazarene."

MRS. C. C. PHILLIPS.

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#### A RADIANT LIFE.

"When in the midday march we meet  
The outstretched shadows of the night,  
The promise how divinely sweet,  
"At eventime it shall be light."

"From early youth until her last day on earth  
Miss Evie Brown kept her torch of love for God  
and all humanity 'well trimmed and burning.'

"At the early hour of dawn Sunday, May 21,  
in obedience to Heaven's summons, her pure spirit  
took the wings of the morning and crossed the space  
which separates time from eternity.

"The news of her passing away struck deep and  
painfully into many a loving heart. Perhaps grief  
would have been less poignant could a glimpse have  
been granted of her entrance into the blissful 'Morn-  
ing Land.' How rapturous must have been the wel-  
come embrace and fervent exclamations of parents  
and all those who had anticipated her coming! How  
her eyes must have glowed when the Master ap-  
peared to her sight and pronounced the 'Well done,  
good and faithful servant' to her! How happy to  
her that first day in Heaven! Forever gone all pain.  
She walked with God and the angels, a blessed com-  
pany, truly.

" 'There is no death—  
What seems so is transition.  
This life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.'

"Gentle, kind, persuasive, Miss Evie easily won  
and held by strong cords of sincere love her many  
friends. These (and those nearer and dearer, for  
whom her best prayers and efforts were given), will

reverently cherish her memory and always feel inexpressibly grateful for her beautiful life and its worthy deeds. She carried the whole world in her sympathies, yet was considerate towards every individual whom she met, whatever his or her station or condition. She occupied a plane of joyous living and loving, to which she early in her Christian experience attained. It was purest pleasure to her to engage in undertakings that bore the stamp and approval of her Lord. These were never tedious tasks to be shirked, or regarded lightly, but to her privileges and opportunities, in which her soul basked. From this vantage ground she gladly and loyally fought the 'good fight' throughout the years. When at the last the 'mystery of pain' threatened to affect her usefulness, then deliverance appeared, for the Great Physician set her free.

" 'Where the smitten heart the freshness  
Of its buoyant youth resumes.'

"Miss Evie was one of that eminent company who thirty-eight years ago, in Richmond, Va., organized the Woman's Missionary Union of the Southern Baptist Convention. A little later in the same year she assisted in the organization of the Tennessee Woman's Missionary Union. From that year her interest in woman's organized work for missions has been constant. Through her steady example and gentle influence a countless number, doubtless, have

enlisted to speed the gospel and given their support to the conquests of the cross.

"Of all the objects nurtured and cherished by the women of the churches none appealed more distinctly to her than the Training School at Louisville. She was justly proud of the result of last year's effort for this school upon the part of Tennessee Baptist women. As Trustee upon the Training School Board—a position which she had held since the early formation of this, many years ago—she was deeply interested in the subject of better training for young women, that these might more intelligently, and with a deepened sense of Christian responsibility, enter into any sphere of usefulness, prepared to accomplish the best results.

"She was herself enriched by the spirit with which she, all unconsciously, served. No uncharitable judgment, lurking grudge, or hostile feeling was allowed to rankle in her bosom. Offenders who expressed unworthy thoughts in her presence were, by her silence, shamed at the bar of their own conscience.

"Viewing as a whole—in so far as we may—the inspirational manner in which she wrought, the choice material with which she built well, her life work stands out beautiful, symmetrical, polished, like unto a palace whose broad corridors have many hidden recesses where are treasures unexplored, good deeds, unknown to others, which she did. Its high, wide

arches evidence her far-reaching, exalted understandings and desires. The broad stairway leads upward to a wide, open space where lights burn softly, music sounds low, and bright flowers—the laurel and rhododendron she so loved—abound, and over all distinct and clear, effulgent, appears a glowing star, like that of Bethlehem. Its light she reflected, and it always told of good will—peace on earth—to those who knew her longing, prayerful love, which was ‘ever-circling about her very own, in and outward, until the whole world was included in her petitions.’ ”

MRS. A. J. WHEELER.

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#### A TRIBUTE.

“It was my privilege and joy for many years to labor with the Woman’s Missionary Union of Tennessee. Looking back through these years, no figure stands before me more vividly, by reason of constancy, zeal, and unfailing interest, than does that of Miss Evie Brown. When my interest was first awakened and my service enlisted I found her giving whole-hearted service to the Woman’s Missionary Union. In this she continued all the days of her life, her devotion, perhaps, gaining in intensity. The summons to come up higher found her where she loved most to be, amid the Baptist hosts at Asheville, worshipping in annual convention. . . .

“In our own State work she has ever been a will-

ing helper. She saw things on a large scale and was a ready advocate of whatever stood for progress. She was optimistic. Failure in the Lord's cause was to her an impossibility. The faith of a little child was hers, and so she went, trustingly, forward. She was missionary through and through and thoroughly consecrated to the work of her Master. Her money she held in trust, and faithful steward as she was, she gave liberally to every worthy cause. Who that has heard the beautiful story of the amber necklace at the convention can refrain from saying, 'How like her.'

"Her enthusiasm was contagious, her example inspiring, her life of devotion and liberality a stimulus. Miss Evie was our helper—our friend. How we loved her! Now, and in the days to come, how we shall miss her! Yet, we sorrow, not as those who have no hope, for amid that throng of waiting ones on the other side she stands; one more to welcome us when we, too, shall have finished our work and have crossed over to be forever with the Lord."

MRS. W. C. GOLDEN.

Tampa, Florida.

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A WORD FROM ONE OF THE MANY WHO LOVED HER.

"Miss Evie Brown loved Jesus and lived to spread his gospel. For one year I was in her home with the greatest frequency and intimacy, while for five

years I knew her and enjoyed much of her company.

"My recollections of her sum themselves up in three words—hospitality, gentleness, devoutness.

"She dispensed hospitality with a lavish hand and a glad heart.

"The doors of her home were always open to her friends and to the Lord's servants. Her car was ready for any service which might set forward the Master's work, and this the workers in her church and her Missionary Society knew right well. Better still, she stood ready with wise counsel and loving sympathy to contribute to every good work.

"Miss Evie Brown was a gentle and kindly soul. Those who knew her best have frequently remarked upon her gracious spirit. No hard words and no bitterness ever escaped her lips. She thought well and spoke kindly of others.

"She was devout. To her, Jesus and the Father were real, and she communed with them each passing day, and many times each day. Who that heard her lead in prayer, either in the larger circles or in the home, can forget how tender and sincere was her appeal for divine favor, and how humbly dependent she was upon the Father's mercy?

"As I write these lines I find it necessary to restrain my pen lest I say words which, when they appear in cold type, may seem unduly strong.

"I loved her well and I know she was one whom Jesus loved."                    MRS. P. E. BURROUGHS.

#### A TRIBUTE OF LOVE AND APPRECIATION.

"Sadness and an indescribable sense of personal loss comes to me with the home-going of Miss Evie Brown. She was one of the first to welcome me as Secretary of the Tennessee Missionary Union; quickly she made a place for me in the great host of those who loved and honored her, and at once I felt that I had found in her the richest treasure earth holds for us—a real friend.

"My association with her in our Woman's Missionary Union work, that filled so large a place in her life and thought, was ever pleasant. In the times of perplexity that come to all workers she was ever ready with wise counsel; in times of depression, with sympathy and encouragement. Her beautiful prayer life, strong faith, and sunny optimism were a constant rebuke to me. If a criticism that seemed harsh was spoken in her presence, the suggestion came, 'Perhaps you have not prayed for her as you ought.'

"Thinking over these three years and more of my close touch with her, I cannot recall a word or an act that I could say was wrong.

"She gave largely of material things to the Lord's cause; but, best of all, she gave herself. The influence of her Christlike personality was a far better gift than her money. Her joy in attending the last Woman's Missionary Union was beautiful to see.

I am glad she had this last earthly privilege. When the news came to me that she had gone to her heavenly home before reaching her earthly home, my first thought was, what a glorious Sabbath day this is for her; for truly hers was 'an abundant entrance.' My next thought was a swift-winged prayer that God in his infinite love and wisdom would grant her supreme desire, that she might welcome to the heavenly home all those of her own household; that among those won through her gifts, her influence and her prayers, these might not be missing.

" 'I cannot say, I will not say  
That she is dead; she is just away,  
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand  
She has wandered into that other land,  
And left us dreaming how very fair  
It needs must be, since she lingers there.  
Think of her as faring on, as dear  
In the love of there as the love of here.  
Think of her as the same, I say;  
She is not dead; she is just away.' "

MARGARET BUCHANAN.



## MEMORIAL SERVICES

Memorial services were held by the Executive Board of Woman's Missionary Union at the First Baptist Church on the afternoon of June 16. Miss Evie was an honorary member of this board, a distinction highly esteemed by her. The programs of the memorial service bore upon their covers a likeness of her, rendering them all the more prized by those in attendance. A large company of devoted friends were assembled. Mrs. Roger Eastman, Mrs. A. P. Edwards and Mrs. A. J. Wheeler were in charge of preparations for the service, the last-named having arranged the program so that it might to some degree indicate the breadth of Miss Evie's vision and sympathy; her wide, steady, and effective activities, and to evidence in part the tender, profound love and esteem in which she was held in every field of her endeavor.

A published report of this gathering tells of all the testimonies and tributes, and concludes with the following prophecy:

"This beautiful service will linger long in the hearts of those privileged to attend, and this life of loving service will be an incentive to higher living for those most closely associated with her, 'who is not dead, but just away'."

## I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

(*The hymn she most loved to sing.*)

I love to tell the story  
Of unseen things above;  
Of Jesus and his glory,  
Of Jesus and his love.

I love to tell the story  
Because I know 'tis true;  
It satisfies my longings,  
As nothing else can do.

I love to tell the story;  
For those who know it best,  
Seem hungering and thirsting,  
To hear it like the rest.  
And when in scenes of glory,  
I sing the new, new song,  
'Twill be the old, old story  
That I have loved so long.

### CHORUS.

I love to tell the story,  
'Twill be my theme in glory;  
To tell the old, old story  
Of Jesus and his love.

## PROGRAM.

Bible Reading and Prayer.....	MRS. B. H. ALLEN
Song .....	Led by MRS. CHAS. MANTHEY
Testimonies of Former Pastors.....	Read by DR. ALLEN FORT
Tributes from Secretaries of Boards.....	Read by MISS BUCHANAN
Remarks by MRS. AVERY CARTER, President of W. M. U. of Tenn.	
A Message from the Board of Deacons of First Baptist Church .....	Read by MRS. A. P. EDWARDS
Tribute from the Bible Class of S. S. Presented by MRS. ALLEN FORT	
Testimonial of Woman's Missionary Society...MISS ALICE SPARKS	
Solo.....MRS. MANTHEY, accompanied by MRS. R. A. WILSON	
Resolutions of Students of Training School at Louisville, Ky.	
Letter from Mrs. G. H. Eager of Training School Board.....	
.....MRS. S. P. DEVault	
Tribute from Monteagle Woman's Missionary Union MISS McNEILLY	
A Message from the Mission Field.....MISS NORTHINGTON	
A Message from the Immigrant Pier at Baltimore, Md.....	MISS BUHLMAIER
Tribute from Religious Work Committee of Nashville Y. W. C. A.	
.....MISS CRESAP	
The Testimony of Friendship.....MRS. CHAS. H. EASTMAN	
Song .....	MRS. MANTHEY
Closing Remarks and Prayer.....MRS. W. C. GOLDEN	
Hebrews 7:16, "The Power of an Endless Life."	

Bible reading by MRS. ALLEN consisted of the following passages: Psalm 90:1-2; John 14:1-3; I Thess. 4:13-17; Rev. 7:9-17.

Mrs. Manthey sang "I love to tell the story" impressively as a solo, the audience softly joining in the chorus. Then followed testimonials from some of Miss Evie's former pastors.

NASHVILLE, TENN., June 15, 1916.

*Dr. Allen Fort, Nashville, Tenn.*

DEAR DR. FORT: I understand that tomorrow afternoon a memorial service for Miss Evie Brown will be held at the First Church.

I am writing this note simply to express my high appreciation of her worth as a Christian woman, and sincerely regret that I cannot be present to bear this testimony. I have known her for many years and have always found her true and loyal to our common Master. She wrought a good work and went home to her reward. Her work will still follow her.

The Lord grant his presence in the meeting and sanctify its influence through his Holy Spirit.

Fraternally yours,

J. M. FROST.

Every life touched by Miss Evie Brown even incidentally was made richer. Her humility was conquering—positively conquering. She was a friend of every cause which represents our Saviour. Her life was beautiful and modest. She was watch-

ful and sincere. She hungered to do good, and found open to her many doors which she gladly entered. I think her mind ran very much on the great affairs of the Kingdom. I never found her unconcerned about any part of the Lord's work. There are no earthly records of the good she has done. Here and there her deeds became known, but the fullness of them is only known to Him whose grace and bounty made her what she was.

R. M. INLOW.

Dr. Fort was present at the Memorial Service and spoke a tender tribute.

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TILL THE DAY BREAK.

One afternoon last March I was in Winston-Salem, North Carolina, and a friend took me through the historic Moravian settlement in Salem. Just at sunset we stopped at the Moravian cemetery and looked down its peaceful avenues and upon its restful green sward. As we looked, the eye fell upon the gateway, across the arch of which were written these words, "Till the Day Break"; and, as on eternity's wings, the heart made its flight from Christ's resurrection morn, when in night-vanquishing power the "Day Spring from on high did visit us," to that morn when all who sleep in him "till the day break" shall arise to His glory. It was

sweet that afternoon to think of the gentle saints who were resting there under the Moravian mounds.

Even so it is sweet to think of the resting place in Clarksville of our gentle, sainted friend, Miss Evie Brown. It is also blessed to consider how gently and yet radiantly her whole life was used to usher in the day as, in loving loyalty to her family and friends, in personal service for those in need and in ever-increasing faith in Christianity and its outlying missions, she proclaimed the "Day of the Lord."

In the official records of the Woman's Missionary Union her name appears as the first vice-president from Tennessee and in the same records is the statement of her election in 1907 as a charter trustee of the W. M. U. Training School in Louisville, Ky., to which latter office she was unanimously re-elected each year. That she was unusually faithful to each trust is gratefully recorded by the Woman's Missionary Union. Year after year she attended the annual meetings, bringing to them great interest in each detail, but manifestly showing that her greatest interest was in the school at Louisville. So helpful was her counsel as to the plans and policy of the school and so generous was her support of it that instinctively Union workers thought of her whenever the school in its relationship to the states was considered.

That the school and the Union shall miss her is self-evident, but she, in being missed, will "live in the hearts of those she loved" and by whom she was

beloved. It is a joy to think of the countless numbers of Union workers who have been enlisted because she, along with a few others, in 1888, had the courage to organize for larger service; of the Training School alumnae whose equipment for life work was made possible by her faith and that of others in the feeble local school in 1907; and of the hosts of children and women who have come to Christ in our homeland and across the seas because she joined her offering of faith and prayers and gifts to that of those who, like her, exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus," and scatter the night of sorrow and sin. And so, however much we may have loved and honored her, we know that He loved her far more tenderly, and that she is "forever with the Lord" awaiting her Union friends "till the day break."

KATHLEEN MALLORY,  
*W. M. U. Corresponding Secretary.*

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#### FROM STATE BOARD OF MISSIONS.

I want to extend to the good women assurances of the hearty sympathy of the State Board of Missions at the memorial service to be held in honor of the memory of our friend and sister, the late Miss Evie Brown. A good woman in Israel has fallen at her post of duty. She was very intelligent and active in all the work fostered by us as a people. No woman among our Tennessee sisterhood was bet-

ter informed with reference to our denominational life than was she. None loved the work of the entire denomination with more sincere devotion and none exceeded her in the liberality of splendid gifts to the causes. Her place cannot easily be filled.

We rejoice in the splendid work done by her while she lived, and we join with you in mourning over her loss from our fellowship. In behalf of the State Mission Board.

Respectfully and fraternally,  
J. W. GILLON.

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#### MISSIONARY UNION.

As Secretary of our Tennessee Executive Board, I voice the feeling of our entire membership when I say there is no one of our number valued more highly or whose wise counsel will be so sorely missed.

Miss Evie thought clearly, weighed all matters deliberately and prayed earnestly for divine guidance in every movement. We grieve for ourselves our loss—"She has entered in."

June 16, 1916. MARGARET BUCHANAN,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

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In meeting together to pay a loving tribute to the fragrant memory of Miss Evie Brown, let us not think of her as being dead, but rather let us think of

her as being gloriously alive. Jesus said, "I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly;" so, while we grieve that we shall see her no more on earth, we do rejoice that she has entered into the more "abundant life," and into the presence of our Lord, whose friend she was all her life long.

In her relations with our General Union and as a member of our Executive Board, Miss Evie was unfailingly loyal, enthusiastic and devoted.

In gratitude for her services, and as a fitting tribute to her lovely life, our Executive Board will probably see that in the new Training School her name will be perpetuated in some suitable form of memorial.

In my garden was a flower, tall, white and pure—a queen among other lovely flowers. In the evening, when shadows were lengthening, the Master Gardener came and gathered it. "Oh, do not take that flower!" I cried. "It is the best I have." "It is only the best that I want," replied he.

MRS. AVERY CARTER,  
*President, W. M. U.*

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#### THE DEACONS OF FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH EXPRESS APPRECIATION.

We, the Deacons of the First Baptist Church, Nashville, wish to express our appreciation of the life and works of Sister Evie Brown. Her passing from labor into rest has added emphasis to her

great work while living. Her spirit of co-operation, in every department of our church work, has led us, many times, into doing greater things. In some movements for the advancement of our local work she was the leader, while apparently unconscious of the fact. In our plannings, with or without her previous knowledge, we could look with equal confidence for her sympathy and support.

More than one of her pastors have felt the uplift of her kindly words, and have been encouraged by the outstretch of her generous hand. "When shall we see her like again?" is the unanswered cry of our hearts. Since "the workman may die but the work must go on forever," may we not confidently look unto God to raise up some one to take her place?

To us and to her much beloved brothers, and other relatives, she has left an example of self-denial and devotion for the cause of humanity and for the greater cause of Christ's kingdom most worthy of being followed. Her simple trust in the risen Lord saved her soul from death (her body only sleeps awaiting his second coming) and gave her the assurance of eternal life.

G. C. SAVAGE, *Chairman*,  
R. L. ALEXANDER, *Secretary*.

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#### TRIBUTE OF ADULT BIBLE CLASS.

The members of the Adult Bible Class, with sincere and profound sorrow, would record our affec-

tionate tribute of respect to the memory of Miss Evie Brown. As a member of this class, she was conspicuous among us for her faithful and loyal devotion, for her unfeigned piety, for her strong Baptist convictions.

Though she has passed from us in bodily presence, she none the less is still a living force. Our class will always feel the impress of her personality and Christian character. Her influence will continue to inspire and urge us to higher Christian living. We shall cherish her memory as a vital power in our efforts through all the years that stretch before us.

CHAS. H. EASTMAN,  
*Vice-President of Class;*  
CHAS. E. LITTLE,  
J. H. D. STEVENS,  
*Teacher;*  
*Committee.*

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FROM THE WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF FIRST  
BAPTIST CHURCH.

The supreme thing in life with Miss Evie was the spread of the gospel to the uttermost parts of the world, and no one rejoiced more than she that Southern Baptist women could have a part in this great enterprise by a united effort through our missionary societies.

The society of this church felt the inspiration of

her presence, and her zeal for the cause all through the years. She knew our denominational work and the need at home and on foreign fields, and her appeals were always strong and forceful. We never heard her without feeling that service was a privilege, but we felt the hush and calm from every worldly thought when she approached the throne in prayer. We felt that we were in the Divine presence.

The influence of her wholesome and consecrated life will linger here through the years to come. We miss her.

MRS. G. C. SAVAGE.

Accompanied by Mrs. R. A. Wilson, Mrs. Manthey sang tenderly the solo, "Face to Face."

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#### RESOLUTIONS OF TRAINING SCHOOL GIRLS.

We, the Tennessee girls at the W. M. U. Training School, wish to express our profound sympathy to friends and relatives of our own dear Miss Evie Brown. Your loss at her going away is our loss also. She has been our friend—a friend not only in a material way, but better by her deep, prayerful interest and anxiety that our lives count in the great cause which we represent.

May her self-sacrificing spirit, her devotion to God, her service to the world continue in your lives and in ours; and may her influence, like the stream, ever widen and deepen as it flows on. And may our hearts respond to God's teachings, which by this

touch of His divine providence gave her entrance into the more abundant life, and left us to wait, work, watch and pray.

Respectfully,

ADELIA LOWRIE,

HAZEL ANDREWS,

LOUETTA HESS,

GLADYS STEPHENSON.

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#### AN APPRECIATION.

"The gospel of a life  
Is more than books or creed."

On a bright Sabbath May day, returning from a pilgrimage of love and service to the "Land of the Sky," suddenly Miss Evie slipped away to the real Delectable Mountains, where she "summers high in bliss upon the hills of God."

Our hearts stood still at the thought of the irreparable loss that had come to those she loved and those who loved her—and to God's work in the world, with the going away into the Eternal Silences of that radiant and beneficent personality. Truly was she one "who loved so well, her work was sweeter for her love, and still her love was sweeter for her work," for hers was a love that interpreted itself not only in noblest giving, but in beautiful living.

If we lose what we try to save, and save only

what we give, what rich treasures Miss Evie carried with her into her Father's house of the many mansions.

In this beloved friend we saw a wonderful character. In pure and childlike goodness she was an epistle read and known of all—not a drop of bitter ever fell from her tongue, never a sting from her words. Her judgments were always generous, and her heart overflowed with the milk of human kindness. She was gentleness itself, but her convictions were like adamant. In discussing great questions of philosophy and science with a learned doctor, the rich stores of her own mind were strikingly revealed, but it was the simple, undebatable, clear-visioned faith that she lived by that made the profound impression on the great scientist. "What a wonderful conception of God and his Book she has," I heard him say.

Perhaps her nearest and dearest will never know the scope of that gentle, brave life, in its ceaseless activity, as she, following in her gentle Master's footsteps, "went about doing good." How many struggling lives she inspired with new courage, how many fainting hearts she made strong with new hope, how many needy causes she sent the life-giving blood into, only the Great Book of Life has recorded; but she lives today, and will *ever live* as long as goodness and purity and self-abnegation, and love.

"For God and God's own truth, and loves for

Magdalene and Ruth," shine and glow like steady stars in the darkness of earth's sin and bitter sorrows.

"Only in the loves we have for others than ourselves can we truly live—or die."

MRS. GEO. B. EAGER.

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The Woman's Monteagle Missionary Association would put on record the deep sense of loss it has sustained in the death of Miss Evie Brown, one of its most faithful members.

By her genial personal character and warm-hearted friendliness, she commended herself to the love of all who knew her and to the affection of her fellow members of the association.

By her abundant charities and manifold kindnesses of word and deed, she was a helper to all who were in distress.

By her devotion to the service of our Lord Jesus Christ she won the confidence of her fellow Christians, not only of her own denomination, but of all who love the Lord Jesus.

By her wisdom in counsel and her liberality in helping forward the great objects of this association, she showed her deep and abiding interest in the glorious work of carrying the gospel to all the world.

Now that her work on earth is done, we rejoice in the assurance that she is safe forever with that Saviour whom she loved and served so faithfully.

(Read by Miss Margaret McNeilly.)

MARION, ILL., June 12, 1916.

As you are assembled today as an Executive Board to pay tribute to our friend and counselor who has preceded us to the glory land, my thoughts go back to the first session of this board I ever attended. You had elected me field worker, and I was afraid of my new responsibilities. A sweet-faced, gray-haired woman who had known me all my life was present and put her arms around me and said, "Mary, I believe you are the one for this work." Through the four years I served you she was my constant friend and guide. She was enthusiastic about the work and stood for all forward movements. While I was a Training School student, she was ever a true friend to me.

Many times since I left the state she has said, "Mary, I will always be interested in you." Do you wonder that I miss her, even though I am far away?

MARY NORTHINGTON.

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The following tribute is from Miss Buhlmaier, a missionary of the Home Board, who is stationed at the Immigrant Pier at Baltimore to welcome and assist the lonely or needy immigrants as these arrive.

MY DEAR . . . : My heart goes out to you and the many loved ones in Tennessee who this day shall gather to honor the memory of one of the choicest among you. Would that it were my privilege

to be with you in person and thus add my testimony as to the love, fellowship and Christian service ever rendered joyfully by the one just gone from us to be with the Lord forever.

I count it an unusual privilege to have been in her beautiful mountain home for several days last summer, and where she was untiring in loving care and attention. Her interest was world-wide, her life modest, but staunch and loyal to every good cause. The salvation of the lost world was her aim in word and deed, and, oh, how she longed to see all her own loved ones in the sure haven of hope, joy, and peace. "Pray for them" were almost the last words and request as I left her there at Monteagle. And "pray for them" we will until they, each and all, will learn to "serve the Lord with gladness" and follow in the footsteps of their royal and loyal relative.

Oh, what joy to think of the meeting again by the side of the River of Life and around the great White Throne! How she will delight to tell of the meeting she left here in Asheville to be, not as she intended, in her home in Nashville, but rather at home in Beulah Land to attend the more perfect meeting of the bloodwashed throng forever!

May we, too, be found worthy to enter there where the Lamb shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of water and God himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

With deep emotion and sincere sympathy, especially for the bereaved relatives, I am,

Yours sincerely,

MARIE BUHLMAIER.

1614 W. Lexington St., Baltimore, Md.

June 13, 1916.

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When asked to represent the Religious Work Department of the Y. W. C. A. this afternoon at this memorial service for our friend, Miss Evie Brown, a consciousness of a general unfitness suggested that some one else be invited. There were so many of her friends in the association who had known her so much longer and so much more intimately than I, I felt that I might seem to be intruding. My only excuse for accepting the invitation is that in the short time of our association on the Religious Work Committee of the Y. W. C. A., I learned to appreciate, to love and to depend upon Miss Brown; to appreciate the many qualities of sterling worth, to love the one who always listened so sympathetically and understandingly, and to depend upon the wise counsel of one who from her wonderful resources of experience and faith had always some helpful plan to offer.

The first impression I had of her was one day last fall when she came into the committee meeting in the Bible Room of the association and took her place among the women with whom she had served for

years. The bright, beautiful smile, the charm and graciousness of her manner, the warm hand-clasp made me feel at once that I was meeting one who would be a real friend.

The impression of that first day of our acquaintance became a reality, and when I heard the sad news that Miss Brown had passed away my almost immediate thought was that I had lost a personal friend. Then came the realization that the association had lost one of its staunchest supporters; that the Religious Work Committee had suffered an irreparable loss.

Miss Brown had been a member of the association for many years—a sustaining or contributing member for several years. For some time she had been a member of the Religious Work Committee and this last year she was interested not only in the plans of the committee but gave her hearty cooperation in the carrying out of these plans, attending as far as her frail strength would permit upon the various services and Bible classes. She was particularly interested in the success of Dr. Brown's Bible Class, using her telephone in calling up friends that they might know the value of the Lenten studies and have the privilege of attending. Her interest in the special series conducted by Dr. Fort in March was great, and though very frail at that particular time, she attended when she could. The Sunday afternoon Vesper Services were very attractive to her and

she usually brought some friends, that they might enjoy them, too.

Her very great interest in the women of other lands led her to contribute generously to our Y. W. C. A. work in Turkey, and at the committee meeting in May she, with others, promised to obtain five new contributors, that a larger amount might be raised to meet the great need of the women in Turkey, who are suffering so much because of the dreadful war conditions.

Only those who worked with her know how ungrudgingly she gave of herself, of her time, and of her money. Miss Brown, like George Eliot, seemed to feel that a great deal of real living consisted in making life less difficult for others; but her motive was very different. She lived in the presence of God with a consciousness always of his charge to her, "You are my witness." Knowing this, we catch the uplift and radiance of her spirit-filled life, and believe that what she did so quietly, so faithfully and so effectively can never be lost.

MISS CORA CRESAP.  
*Secretary of Religious Work, Y. W. C. A.*

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#### THE TESTIMONY OF FRIENDSHIP.

Someone asked Kingsley what was the secret of his strong, joyous life, and he answered, "I had a friend."

Evie Brown was my friend—she for whom this memorial service is held. It was my privilege and blessing to have her unfailing friendship for many years. While I believe the best people need the briefest eulogies, but for the example of such a life as hers who was to all who knew her such an inspiration for higher living, too much cannot be said. She deserved all that has or could be said of her as a Christian and church member, but I wish to testify of her qualities that made her as a friend so perfect—the culture of her mind, the geniality of her disposition, the integrity of her character, the benevolence of her spirit, the earnestness of her purpose, the largeness of her love. Her thoughts were pure and beautiful, so her character grew, and love, “the fulfilling of the law,” enfolded her and left her spirit undimmed during her long experience of pain and weariness.

I love to think of her in that “place prepared for her” where there are no failing bodies, lagging steps, and thinking of her, I think of Bunyan’s beautiful story of the Beulah Land where Christiana gathered flowers in the garden of the King of kings.

It remains for us who appreciate the blessing of fellowship with a life such as hers here to emulate it, thereby inheriting with her an eternity of joy with God.

MRS. C. H. EASTMAN.

Mrs. Manthey, assisted by Mrs. R. A. Wilson

at the piano, led the audience in singing the familiar song, "God be with you till we meet again."

#### CLOSING REMARKS AND PRAYER BY MRS. GOLDEN.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them." (Rev. 14:13.)

We are looking heavenward today. We have listened to these beautiful tributes from loving friends, none of whom, perhaps, have been able to give expression to all that they feel. Our hearts have responded to every good thing they have uttered. We had not realized, probably, the extent of the influence of our dear friend and co-worker. We had not stopped to consider the variety of things that absorbed her attention. How large her interests! How varied her activity! Truly, "She hath done what she could."

Two thoughts have been impressed on me today by what I have heard: First, how her life honored God; second, how very much worth while it is to live such a life.

In this last closing moment I would ask you to lift your eyes from things of earth; to think no longer of our loss, our grief, the great vacancy that her going has made in our ranks. But let us, with the eye of faith, pierce the veil, and see her among that great

company of shining ones, who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple; and he that sitteth upon the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." (Rev. 7:14-17.)

"If I go and prepare a place for you, I shall come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also." (John 14:3.)

"So shall we ever be with the Lord." (I Thess. 4:17.)

*"Ever with the Lord,"* the note triumphant of the Christian life.

This is the closing message of the hour, a message of hope, of comfort, of good cheer, if you will.

The Lord will care for his work here; will make stronger the arms of those that remain, and will raise up new workers. But to her whom we love, whom we honor, for whom we sorrow, Miss Evie Brown, he has given that better part. He has received her

unto Himself, that where He is, there she may be also, "*Ever with the Lord.*"

"O Death, where is thy sting!  
O Grave, where is thy victory!"

MRS. W. C. GOLDEN.

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From the First Baptist Church Calendar for the week beginning May 28, 1916:

"Again the Death Angel has come to us, and Miss Evie Brown, so useful and so much loved, has gone to her reward with the faithful. The bulletin does not allow the space for any adequate appreciation of Miss Evie's wonderful character, but we must mention her great and optimistic vision for this church and its future. She seldom spoke of the glorious past of the church, as so many of her age are apt to do, but all her hopes and suggestions were for the place the church will take in the Greater Nashville that is to be, and she was in sympathy with all plans that looked to future building and development. Could she have remained with us she would have helped greatly in all things that look for efficiency in meeting the great new day to which we are rapidly coming. Her faith and vision were a constant inspiration, and we shall miss her everywhere. We need to pray for grace to say, 'Thy will be done.' "

## MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR MISS EVIE BROWN.

"MONTEAGLE, TENN., July 19.—For many years Miss Evie Brown, well known in Nashville, has been a valued member of the Monteagle Missionary Association, contributing liberally to the missionary home maintained by it at this place.

"In recognition of her work, and of the association's loss in her death, a memorial service, arranged by the association's president, Mrs. I. J. Van Ness, of Nashville, was held on the last day of missionary week.

"The platform in Warren Hall was appropriately decorated in white hydrangeas, daisies and designs done in Monteagle ivy, while in the background hung the Mexican flag, guarded and protected on either side by our own red, white and blue, emblematic of the Christian love and brotherhood which she upheld and approved.

"Mrs. George B. Eager, Trustee for the Baptist Missionary Training School, located in Louisville, Ky., presided at the service, speaking in words of greatest commendation of Miss Brown's work in behalf of that institution as well as all other missionary activities of her denomination. Resolutions written by Miss Margaret McNeilly, of Nashville, were read and adopted. A letter from Miss Marie Buhlmaier, for years Baptist missionary at the emigrants' pier in Baltimore, told of Miss Brown's generosity

and helpfulness. A "Friend's Appreciation," written by Mrs. A. J. Wheeler, of Nashville, and a tribute from Mrs. Van Ness followed. Mrs. Van Ness spoke of Miss Brown as the ideal Christian hostess, telling of the "prophet's chamber" in her cottage at this place. The service was fittingly closed by Mr. Brantley Smith, of Nashville, who sang, "Only remembered by what we have done."—*Nashville Banner*.

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From the July number of *In Royal Service*:

WITH THE ENCOMPASSING WITNESSES.

"Two other honored and beloved friends of the Woman's Missionary Union have recently joined the faith-inspiring 'cloud of witnesses' which compass the Christian forces. . . .

"The other friend, who also during the Asheville meeting 'went home,' was Miss Evie Brown, of Tennessee. In Richmond, Virginia, in 1907, Miss Brown was elected a charter trustee of the Training School and was each year re-elected from her state. Thus, though very frail, she felt that she must attend the Asheville meeting, for she knew that at that session the enlargement of the school would be planned for. So on Wednesday afternoon, May 17, when the Training School Board met in Asheville, Miss Brown was present. To every detail of the long session she gave her untiring attention, being enthusiastic

in her endorsement of the building plans submitted by the local board of the school. One of these plans was the suggestion that in each church a "Dollar Club" be organized as one means of raising the desired amount. Though Miss Brown was one of the largest contributors to the school, still she knew that the school would gain a friend with every gift, so she sprung to her feet to commend the plan, saying that while we did want large gifts from many wealthy individuals, still it would mean far more to get the masses interested through such clubs. From her emphasis upon these 'Dollar Clubs' to enlist the many in the raising of the needed \$98,000.00 sprang the slogan: '\$98,000.00 from 98,000 persons.'

"Another beautiful service which she rendered at Asheville occurred on Friday noon. It will be recalled that at that hour representatives of the Foreign Mission Board came before the Union to ask help in raising its \$180,000.00 debt. While the pledges were being taken, Miss Lila McIntyre, a trained nurse from interior China, said that she could give only \$10.00, but that she wished also to give the string of amber beads which she wore around her neck. She said that she bought them in China for a very small price but that in the United States they would cost from \$60.00 to \$75.00. At the recess hour Miss Brown told the presiding officer that she wished to purchase the beads for \$75.00, with the understanding that they be given back to Miss Mc-

Intyre to wear for her in China. At the afternoon session the W. M. U. Treasurer narrated this beautiful incident, but withheld Miss Brown's name, as she requested. Again Miss McIntyre came forward and the beads were put around her neck as she told of her added joy in owning them once more and of her gratitude to the unknown friend.

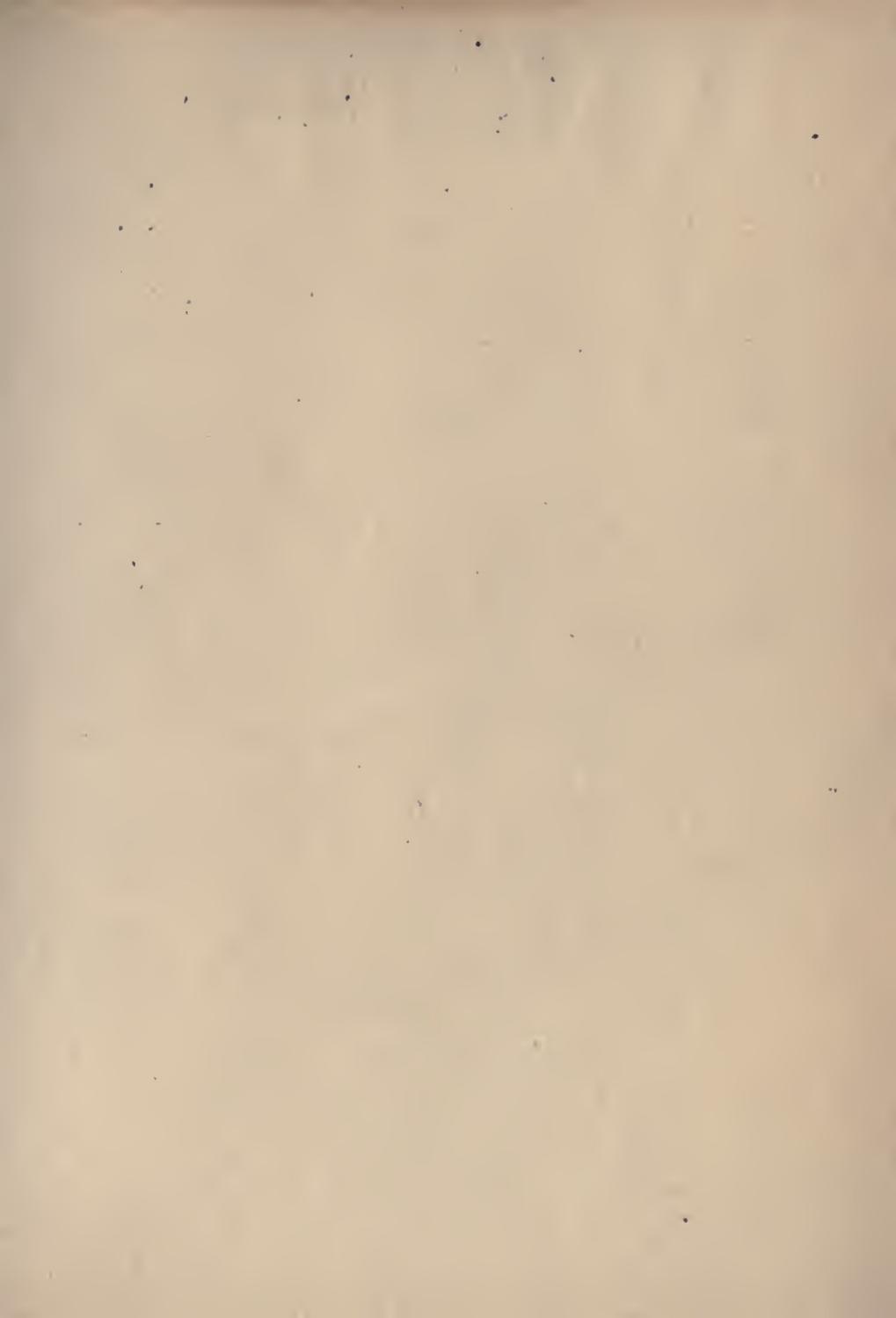
"And so from the meeting to which her presence had contributed so much of helpfulness and interest, Miss Brown started for her home in Nashville. But not to the earthly but to the heavenly home the Father gently took her on Sunday, May 21. Truly it was but a Sabbath journey for her whose whole life seemed continuous praise in her temple of service to Him.

" 'We shall come with joy and gladness,  
We shall gather 'round the throne;  
Face to face with those that love us,  
We shall know as we are known;  
And the song of our redemption  
Shall resound through endless day,  
When the shadows have departed  
And the mists have rolled away.' "









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